

and seemed to labor so generously to maintain. His professions and labor were those of a hypocrite; his contributions money invested where he thought it would do the most good in advertising him among the church members and bringing them their custom. In prosperity he would continue it; but adversity which requires sacrifice, he refuses and resists even to placing himself and family outside the pale of the church.

But, while prosperity has thus perverted men, and caused them to abandon the church, it is in adversity that true Christian faith is manifested. Man, generally, is careless, thoughtless, and at times defiant of religion during prosperity and pleasures. He may neglect his duties, ridicule and defy the church, but the spark of faith needs but the chastening of adversity and suffering to quicken into a flame and develop true humility, patience, heroic sacrifice and labors for religion. The true Christian, though apparently indifferent or even unchristian in his life, when put to the test gives up wealth, honors, social position and even life itself, for the religion he really believes.

In prosperity, the man who will make no sacrifice, appears the more earnest, useful and exemplary Christian; but in adversity the true Christian shines forth in all the glory of self-denial, of sacrifice and suffering, for religion's sake. He possesses true faith, and no rewards of wealth or fame, no pains of sacrifice and suffering can wrest it from him.—*Central Advocate.*

STORY OF AN INDIAN AGENT.

Some of our exchanges are wondering why it is that a man will desert a lucrative business to accept an Indian agency at a salary that is hardly sufficient to reward the efforts of the poorest editor in Oklahoma. Possibly the story-telling qualities of a commercial

man who was gracefully holding down a chair in the International may enlighten them. A good old Methodist minister was appointed Indian agent. He concluded that he would not accept as the salary was inadequate. However, after considering the matter thoroughly, he consulted a retired Indian Agent who was living in Dives-like luxury some distance away, when the following conversation ensued: "Brother, I have been appointed Indian agent, but do not feel like leaving my friends and home to go among the uncivilized denizens of the prairie for the inducement offered." "How much is the appropriation?" asked the ex-agent. "One hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars a year." "Oh! you're all right. The Indians are expected to get one-fifth—the balance goes to the agent." The minister returned home with a light heart, sent in his acceptance and prepared to leave for his new field of labor, before doing so, however, he made another call upon the ex-agent and said: "Brother, don't you think one fifth of the appropriation is too devilish much to give to the Indians?"

PAID BACK.

There is more than one way of making a retort in kind without resorting to the vulgar "You're another." A Jewish street-vender of spectacles and eyeglasses was offering his wares when six or seven saucy young students came up.

"Keep still; we'll have some fun with him," said the spokesman of the party.

"Shpectakkles! Eye-klasses—good vons!" called the vender.

"Dot vos goot!" said the young man. "Now what can you see through these glasses, Mr. Isaacs?"

"Anything vot you like," answered the vender.

"Ish dot so? Well, we'll see about that."